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**A VISIT
TO STANFORD
UNIVERSITY.**

A Visit to Stanford University



A VISIT TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY

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BY

MARY STEWART QUELLE



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Red roofs glowing in the sun,
Chapel chimes resounding,
Wide walls builded into one,
Arched arcades surrounding.

HERE we are at Palo Alto, and within a few hundred yards of the entrance to the University grounds. You can see the arches of the great stone gateway and one of the towers with its red-tiled roof from the station.

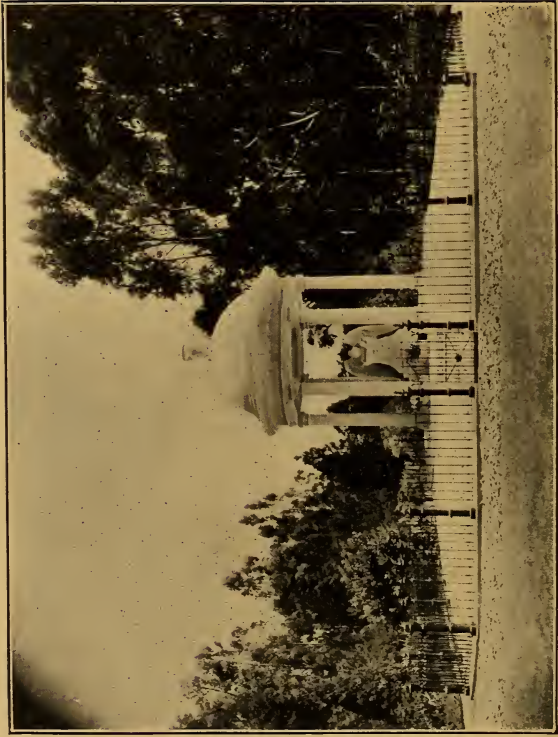
Now for a carriage,—for the Quadrangle is a good mile from the gate, and there is much ground to be gone over during the day.

We will drive first to the Mausoleum, then go on to the Museum, and so work around to the Quadrangle.

That is the Memorial Arch at the end of the avenue, with the top of the clock-tower above it.

Most of the trees on the low hills beyond are live oaks, though there is quite a sprinkling of white oaks, too. Black Mountain, that dark blue shoulder to the left, is covered with chaparral, and those tall trees on the long ridge over there to the right are redwoods.

This grove on each side of the avenue is called



the Arboretum. Senator Stanford had hundreds of specimens from all over the world set out here. The two varieties of palm, planted alternately and lining the avenue all the way from the gate to the oval, and round the oval to the Quadrangle, are the Canary date-palm and the Colorado desert fan-palm.

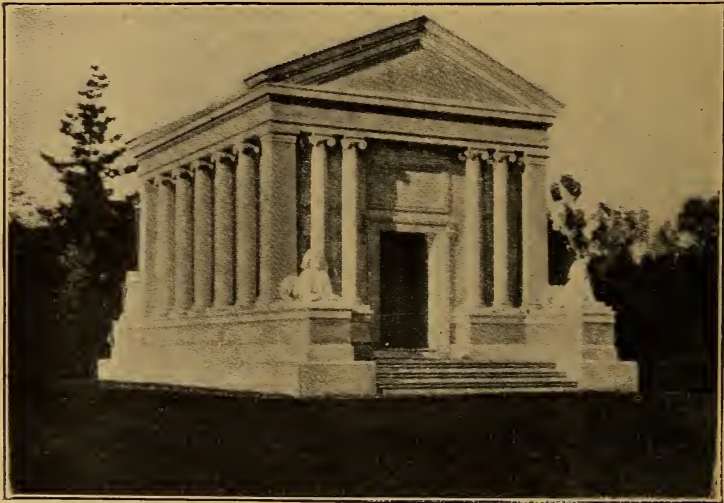
The stone structure we are approaching now is the Mausoleum, where Senator Stanford and Leland Stanford Jr. lie, and this marble canopy over the beautiful figure of the Angel of Grief was placed here close to the Mausoleum by Mrs. Stanford in memory of her brother Henry.

There is something strangely impressive about the Mausoleum, — the plain, granite tomb set in the green, standing all



alone among the trees. It seems fitting that this should be the last resting place of the boy Leland, and of the man who founded this great University as a lasting memorial to that much-loved son.

Leland Stanford Jr. was born at Sacramento, California, May 14, 1869, and died at Florence, Italy, in 1884, of Roman fever. He was a bright, affectionate and generous boy, who gave great promise intellectually. After his untimely



death, his parents, left childless and without an heir, generously directed the use of their vast wealth toward the advancement of young people throughout the country, by the founding of this University. The Deed of Foundation says:

“Since the idea of founding an institution of this kind, for the benefit of mankind, came directly and largely from our son and only child, Leland, and in the belief that if he had been

spared to advise as to the disposition of our estate he would have advised the devotion of a large portion thereof to this purpose, we will that for all timetocome the institution hereby founded shall bear his name, and shall be known as the Leland Stanford Junior University."

Senator Stanford was born at Watervliet, near Albany, N. Y., March 9, 1824, and died at his home here in California, June 21, 1893. At twenty-two



he went to Albany to study law, and when he got through there went West with his young wife and settled at Port Washington, Wisconsin. He worked hard for four years, and then had the seeming misfortune to be burned out,—lost his library and everything else he owned. That was in 1852, when the California fever was at its height. As he had three brothers already out here, he and Mrs. Stanford joined them. He did well, and in eight years was worth a quarter of a million. In 1860 he was sent to Washington as a delegate to the convention that nominated Lincoln; and after the inauguration the President had a number of consultations with him concerning Pacific Coast affairs.

After leaving Washington he and Mrs. Stanford visited Albany, intending to remain there if they liked it. They decided in favor of California, however, and soon after their return Mr. Stanford was nominated for governor by the new Republican party. He was elected, as you know. It was during his term of office as governor of California that he became interested in the project of a transcontinental railway. It was a stupendous undertaking, when one considers the almost insurmountable difficulties to be contended with. For twenty-five years he devoted himself to the interests of the road—the Central Pacific—laboring in its behalf with the energy and assiduity characteristic of the man. In the meantime



he had grown enormously wealthy. In 1885 he was elected to the United States Senate, and re-elected in 1891.

Senator Stanford had large ideas, with ample means for carrying them out. He believed thoroughly in a liberal, practical education, and he wanted this to be a University which would be of real, practical value to young men and women who were working with a definite end in view. He wished also to foster original investigation, and above all to promote the spirit of freedom. And where could one find a more suitable setting for such a University than this wide Western country, where everything is big and broad and generous, and where "Freedom is in the air."

Beyond the Mausoleum is the Cactus Garden,





and this road through the trees to the left will take us to the Museum.

Leland Stanford Jr. was only eleven years old when he began his European collection. His great ambition was to found a museum, and the building for this reason is named for him. His private collection is kept in a room at the back of the main building. The additions to the Museum, which are now being erected, enclose a large court at the back of the original building. The continuous length of these buildings is about six hundred and fifty feet. All the structures are two stories high, and are built of brick faced with concrete. When finished this will be the largest private museum in the country.



Naturally Mrs. Stanford is deeply interested in its enrichment, and she is constantly making large and valuable additions to its collections.

The main front of the building is very fine,



with its broad steps, colossal columns, and beautiful bronze doors.

The mosaics ornamenting the face of the Museum are a curiosity in themselves. Copies are first made of the original paintings by an artist, and these copies are divided into numbered sections. Then the glass from which all Venetian mosaics are made is ordered in the corresponding shades of color. The glass comes from the factory in the shape of little squares about a quarter of an inch thick. The workmen, who are artists as well as artizans, fit the small pieces of glass together, following the painting



section by section, and chipping the pieces with a hammer over a wedge, when necessary, in order to make them fit perfectly. When each reproduction is finished, all the little pieces of glass having been pasted face down upon strong paper, the sections, numbered to correspond to the plan

of the painting, are shipped to this country. When they are received here the part of the wall intended for the mosaic is covered with



cement, the sections are placed in position by the Venetian workmen, the paper peeled off, and the finished picture appears.

This large building with the many ventilators on the roof is the Chemistry building. That on our left, as we turn, is Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory. Though a hundred girls can be accom-

modated at Roble, there are always a number of names on the waiting list. It is bright, home-like and well managed. The dining-room is in



the same building, though under separate management. "Roble" means white oak.

The wooden structure behind and to the right of Roble is the Girls' Gymnasium. In the rear



is the basket-ball field, and in front the tennis courts. There are two organizations in connection with women's athletics: the Roble Gymnasium Club whose members

are chosen from among the best women gymnasts; and the Women's Athletic Association, which any woman interested in athletics may join.



Farther on, to the right of Roble Hall, is President Jordan's residence, called Xazmin House; "Xazmin" is the Spanish for jasmine.

Turning to the left we drive up this shady road, which brings us to the western entrance of the Quadrangle.



In 1884 Senator and Mrs. Stanford determined to establish this University as a memorial to their son. A special act of the legislature was sought, and in November, 1885, the act of endowment, embodying the charter of the institution, and the gift of eighty thousand acres of land in the rich valleys of California, was made public. A board of twenty-four trustees was named, in whom the management of the institution was vested; the number has since been changed to ten. By the terms of the charter Senator and Mrs. Stanford were, during their lives, to exercise all the powers and privileges of the trustees. In 1903, however, Mrs. Stanford, as surviving founder, turned the management of the University over to the Board of Trustees; they elected her president of the board.

On May 14, 1887, the cornerstone of the Inner Quadrangle was laid, and on October 1, 1891, the University was formally opened to students.

Stanford University has an endowment of \$30,000,000, making it the richest of all American universities. By an amendment to the State Constitution, passed by popular vote in 1900, the University buildings and grounds were exempted from taxation.

Tuition is free to all, but a registration fee of ten dollars a semester is charged all those from outside the State.

The President of the University, Dr. David Starr Jordan, a New Yorker by birth and a graduate of Cornell, was called to his present posi-



tion in 1891 from the University of Indiana, where he had occupied the presidency with distinction since 1884.

A young man himself, the first faculty chosen by him was remarkable for the youthfulness of its members. The number was at first limited to fifteen; but when the University opened with over five hundred students, it was increased to thirty.

The architectural motif of the buildings of the Quadrangle is that of the Spanish missions—low buildings with wide colonnades surrounding an open court. The original plans were drawn by the famous American architect, H. H. Richardson, of Boston.

Leaving the carriage and crossing a small outer court, we pass through the west gate and



enter the Inner Quadrangle. The floor of this spacious court, 586 feet in length by 246 feet

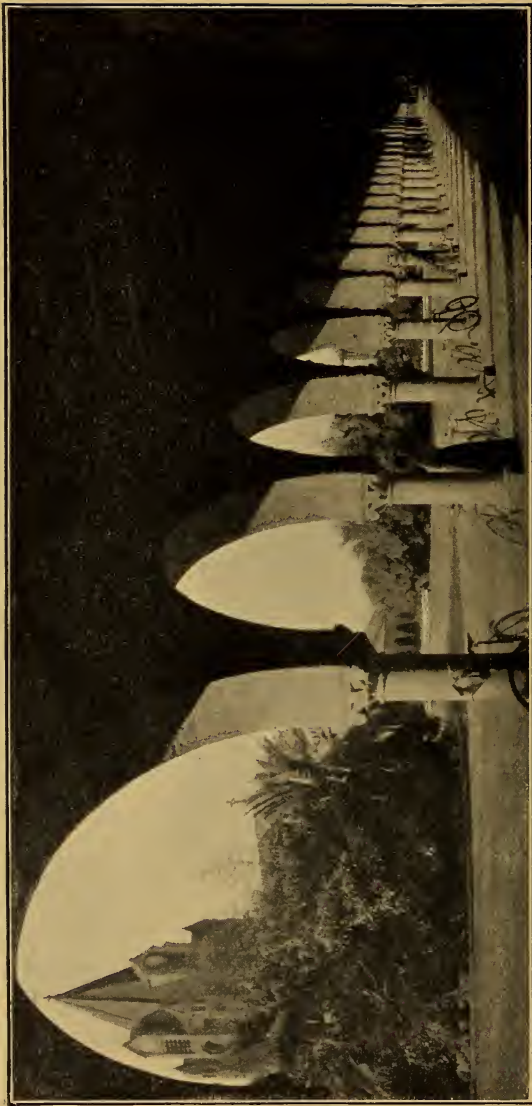
in width, was originally covered with asphaltum, but afterwards it was thought best to cover this with coarse gravel.

In the early days of the institution, before the Inner Quadrangle was bisected by wide cement



walks, and before the gravel was laid, bicycles were stacked two and three deep along the arcades, and students awheel and on foot scurried about to and from their class-rooms in all directions, or sat hobnobbing on the low stone curbing of the big circular flower-beds, while others occupied chairs set under the tall shrubs inside.

Though wheeling is no longer allowed within the Quadrangle, on occasion the church clock looks down on a transformed "Quad," as on the night of a football rally, when the men, locking arms, dance the serpentine up and down the



wide, white walks; or when, after the celebration of the "Plug Ugly," the upper-classmen scuffle through the arcades, while the Seniors try to smash the Juniors' new 'plugs,'



for the tall gray hat, often fantastically decorated, is the distinctive headgear of the Junior Class, as the sombrero is that of the Senior, at Stanford.

On the night of the Promenade Concert, during Commencement Week, the scene is like one from fairyland. Many-colored Japanese lanterns are strung along the arcades,



lights swing above the band-stand, pretty reception-booths with plants and bright hangings fill the corners of the arcades, and groups of people linger near the music or saunter around the court.

The Memorial Church, the architectural conception of which is a combination of the Moorish and the Romanesque, is cruciform in shape, and measures 190 feet in length, 156 feet in width, 190 feet to the tip of the gilded cross, and 106 feet to the fullest height of the dome: the seating capacity being seventeen hundred. The clock



and chimes in the tower,—which strike the hour, the half-hour, and the quarter-hour,—are the duplicate of the Westminster chimes in the clock on the Houses of Parliament in London.

That is more of the mosaic work covering the upper part of the front, representing the Sermon on the Mount,—it is a wonderful piece of work. The inscription chiseled in

the stone below reads: "Memorial Church,
Erected to the Glory of God and in Loving Mem-
ory of my Husband, Leland Stanford." Neither



time nor money has been spared in the beauti-
fying of this magnificent memorial, the offering
of a devout woman, a loving wife.

The ten bronze squares, set in the floor of the arcade before the church, the first marked '95, the last '04, are the "Class Plates." Each succeeding Senior Class places one there, holding a little ceremony over it, on Class Day during Commencement Week.

The soft texture of the buff sandstone, of which the church is built, makes possible the



intricate and lacy carving surrounding windows, arches and columns, and which is so largely employed in the interior decoration as well.

Within, from the Moorish tiled floor to the groined oaken ceiling, the design and symmetry are perfect. The four wide Roman arches, measuring fifty-two feet across, resting on four great



pillars, support the beautiful dome. From these arches spring a cove ceiling, ornamented with the figures of angels in mosaic; above the cove ceiling is a gilded railing, and a circle of twenty-four exquisitely colored windows. Above these again is the top of the dome, spangled with stars. Standing below, gaze up into the beauty, the richness of the whole!

Before us gleams the apse with its white marble altar, and the three great allegorical windows, with figures of the prophets, of heroic size, in mosaic above them, and marble statues of the twelve apostles, in gilded niches, below.

The mosaic over the altar is a reproduction of the "Last Supper," the original of which, painted by



Cosimo Roselli in the fifteenth century, is in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome. There is said to

be no other copy of this work. Permission was given Mrs. Stanford to have the picture reproduced in mosaic out of consideration for her



gifts to the Catholic church.

That fine bas-relief on the altar is a copy of a painting by Rubens—“The Entombment.”

To the left, against the great east pillar of the chancel, stands the beautiful pulpit, of carved stone; and

on the opposite side is the lectern—the figure of an angel, in bronze.

Covering the wall spaces of the nave, above and between the beautiful stained glass windows, are more mosaics, portraying most graphically scenes from the Old Testament.

Below the windows on the lower wall space all around the church texts are chiseled in the stone.









The organ gallery is above the vestibule, and contains seats for a choir of one hundred and fifty. The great organ, which is said to have the finest front ever made, is divided, one half being on each side of the loft, with the three-manual console facing the choir. The keys have electrical connection with the pipes. There are forty-six stops, thirty miles of wire, and over three thousand pipes.

The beautiful window which lights the organ-loft is the Memorial Rosette. The artist is said to have worked for more than six months on the design alone.

The color scheme of the church interior is rarely beautiful — the sombre buff of the stone-





work, the dull tints of the many mosaics, throwing into strong relief the wonderfully rich coloring of the pictorial windows through which streams the golden sunshine of California.

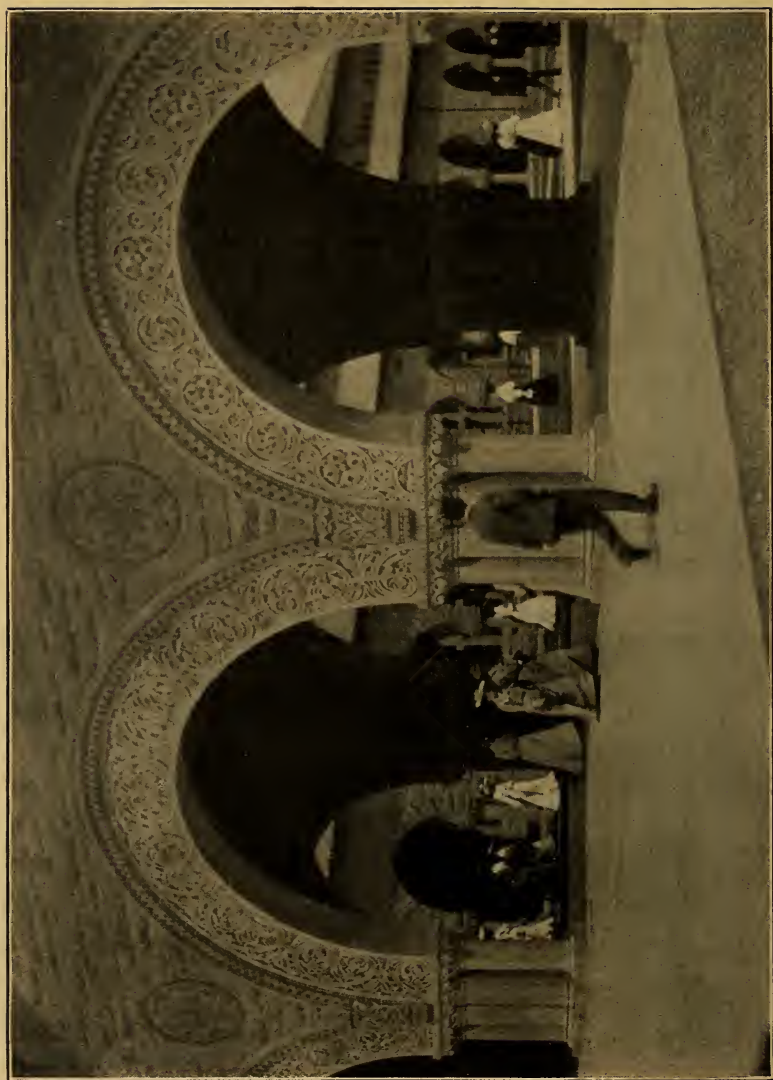


Leaving the church we turn to the south. The Engineering Department occupies the building to our left, on the southeast corner of the Outer Quadrangle; and the Department of Geology and Mining, and the Art Depart-

ment, the opposite corner. Of the row of buildings at the back, on higher ground and separated from the Quadrangle by a retaining-wall, that long stone building at the extreme left is the Mechanical Engineering laboratory and engine-room; next that is the boiler-house, and the University power-house; beyond is the Machine shop; and in the second row are the Woodworking shop and Pattern shop in one building, the Blacksmith shop and Foundry in the other. Behind these is the old Art building; to the right are the bookstore and the drugstore; and farther on, to the left, is the printing-office.

The big chimney of the boiler-house, which is one hundred and twenty feet high, was quite a landmark before the church was built.





This triple arch with pointed roof, opposite the church, is the main entrance to the Inner Quadrangle. Within the arcade are the official



bulletin-boards, and here the voting for student body elections usually takes place. In the building to the left are the offices of the President and the Registrar. Beyond is the large corner room used as chapel before the erection of the church. The walls of the chapel were hung with a number of beautiful copies of the old masters, but most of these are now in the Museum.

The building to the right of the triple arch was used for the Library before the Outer Quadrangle was built; it is now occupied by the Law Department.

ford students who fought in the Philippines. These are some fine specimens of ancient Japanese bronzes on the four stone pedestals at the corners of the court.

The Memorial Arch, 100 feet in height by 86 feet in width, is the largest of its kind in America, and second only to the Arc de Triomph, in Paris, which is the largest in the world. St. Gaudens made the model for the frieze and furnished the description, and Rupert Schmid executed the design, which represents the Progress of Civilization in America.

The female figure in the middle of the north side is Civilization; Providence is on the left; Columbus taking his mission from Providence tears the veil from America, standing between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn; Pizarro and Cortez appear mounted, tearing down the idolatry of ancient America and preparing the way for Christianity.

On the northwest corner of the Arch is the chief Aztec divinity, and on the west end Las Casas preaching Christianity to the Indians; Liberty protecting Religion, and the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth, and after them the figure of Wisdom. All this has treated of the discovery of the New World; now we have to do with the United States.

Washington and two generals on horseback head the march of the Thirteen States. This

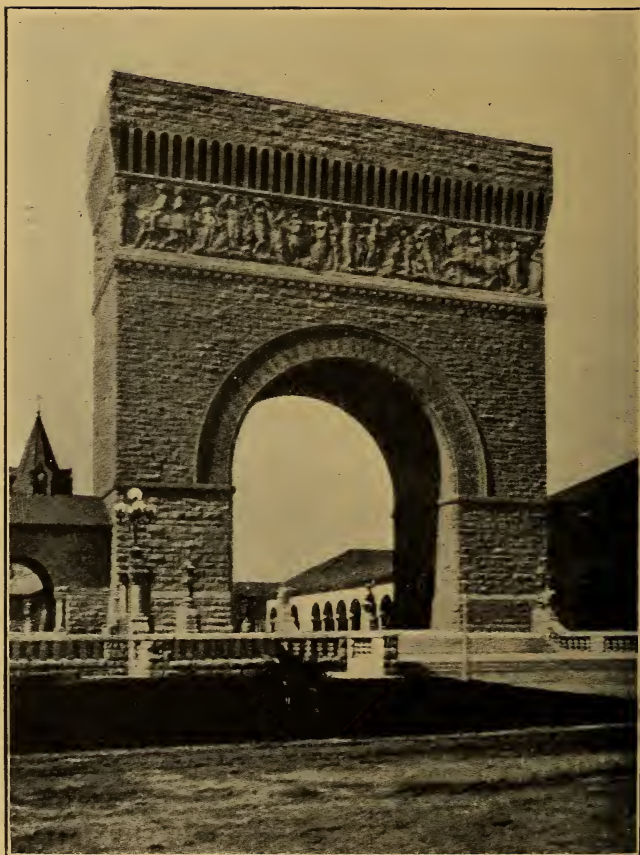


figure in the center of the frieze, on the south side, represents Columbia, or the United States. On her right is Abundance, pointing westward. This group represents Grazing—the god Pan, and Ceres with mowers and reapers. Mining, on this





corner, a cyclops; Electricity, with the Leyden jar; Steam, with boiler and fire; the Sciences, Philosophy, Medicine and Mathematics; and Minerva, with a bear at her side, representing California. Round in front again, we have Titans holding up the Mountains. Here the Railroad is depicted, with Senator and Mrs. Stanford on horseback, and the genius of Engineering superintending the work.

These buildings on the right, as we face the Arch, are occupied by the Departments of Natural Science — Zoology, Physiology, Botany and Physics. On the left are the Assembly Hall, Library, and History building. The Assembly Hall has a seating capacity of seventeen hundred.

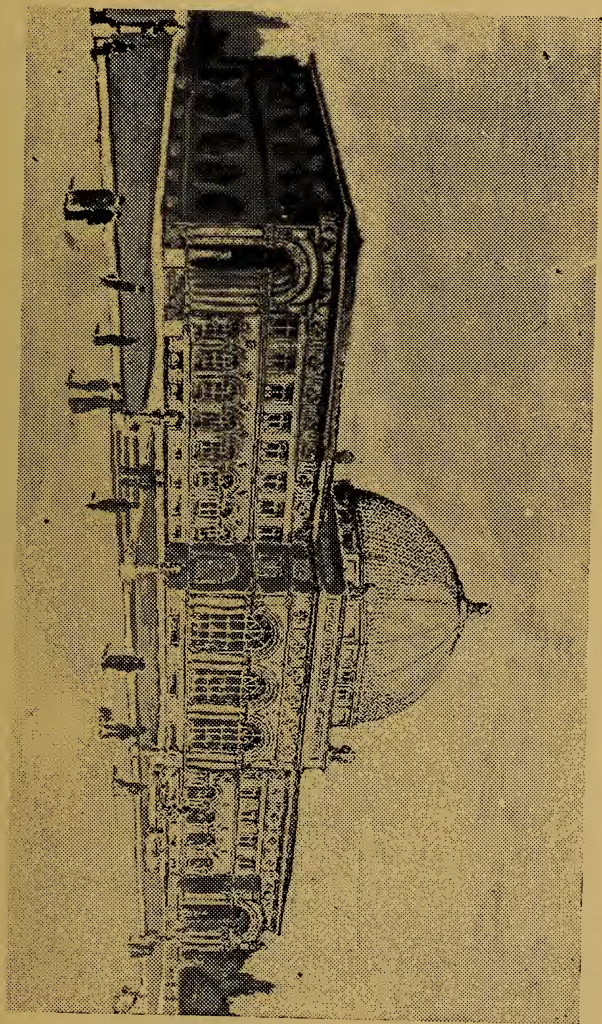


The Library building, the gift of Senator Stanford's brother, Thomas Welton Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia, and completed in 1900, was the initial building of the Outer Quadrangle.



It now contains nearly 90,000 volumes. Although comparatively new it is almost outgrown, and within a short time will be entirely inadequate. The quarters of the Law Library, in the Inner Quadrangle, are also cramped, and the present Library building will be used for this department when the new structure is finished.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new Library building to the right of the northern, or front, façade of the Outer Quadrangle. This building will be three stories high, with a deep

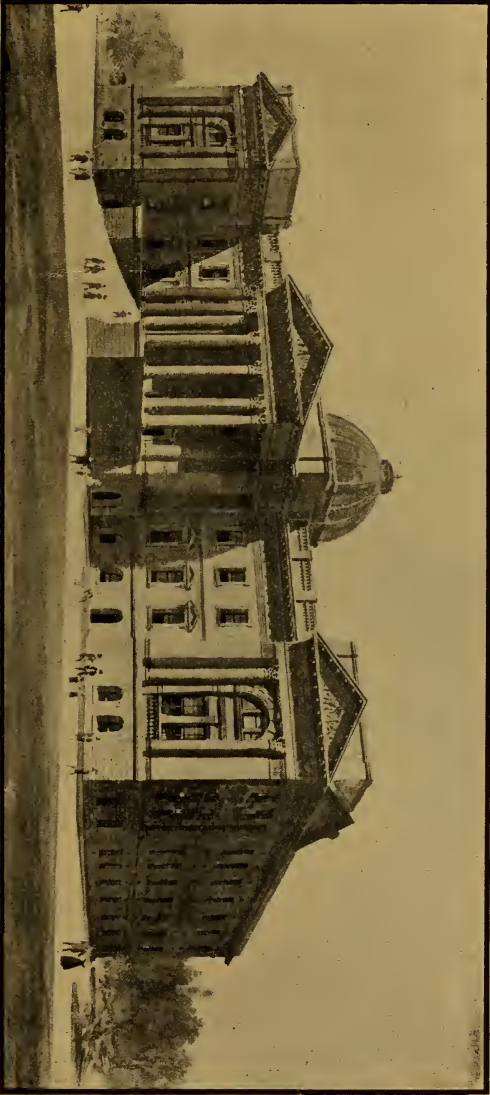


spacious basement; the front will be nearly three hundred and fifty feet long. It will be semi-fireproof.

In the center will be a circular reading-room seventy-five feet in diameter; at the rear will be the stack, semicircular in form, whose capacity will be about eight hundred and fifty thousand volumes. Elsewhere there will be accommodation for one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, making the total capacity one million. There will also be rooms devoted solely to some of the more important collections, such as the Hopkins Railroad Library, the Thomas Welton Stanford Australian Library, the Hildebrand Collection, and others.

In all the arrangements the best features of the different college and general libraries of the world will be combined, and it is hoped within a reasonable time to build up a library that will be the best of any college in the United States.

The large building beyond is the men's new Gymnasium. It is three stories high, with an entrance faced by Corinthian columns. On the first floor are the bowling-alleys, and space for other games. The main hall is on the second floor, with a gallery all round for spectators. There are swimming-tanks, shower-baths, dressing-rooms, handball courts, fencing, boxing and wrestling rooms, a general assembly hall, and a ball-room.



With regard to athletics at Stanford, Dr. Jordan says: "So far as the University is concerned its attitude is to encourage athletic sports, — football, baseball, tennis, and the rest. . . . As a rule those men who have been athletes in college have never regretted the time they have spent on it, if their training has been wisely carried on. A great many of the ablest men now in college work were college athletes.



. . . The men who, in the long run, accomplish results are men whose bodies are healthy and well-trained, and may be relied upon to furnish the vital force for the mental machinery by which work is conducted. The pale student of former times is passing away, and the intellectual life of the future will be carried on by men who have bodies as well as brains. For now-a-days demand on the brain is so great that it must have the body behind it."

In the field beyond the new Gymnasium is the Faculty Club-house. It is not much of a building,



— merely a rustic cottage, in fact. The diamond and the tennis courts are close by.

Just across the road, to the east of the Quadrangle, is the Stanford Inn. After the discontinuance of the dining-room at Encina Hall it was necessary to provide an eating place for the large

number of young men who roomed there, and the Inn was put up to meet



this requirement, as well as to accommodate the general public.

The collection of buildings to the southeast of the Outer Quadrangle are residences. Some of them are occupied by professors and their families; quite a number are owned by fraternities;



Sigma Alpha Epsilon



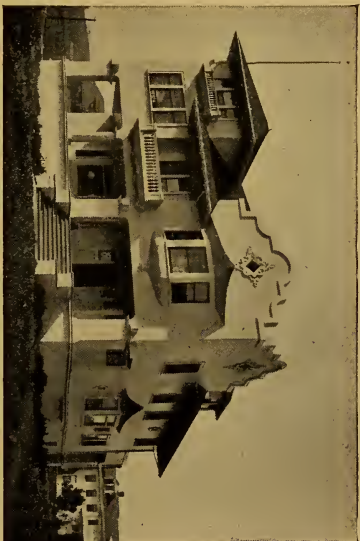
Delta Upsilon



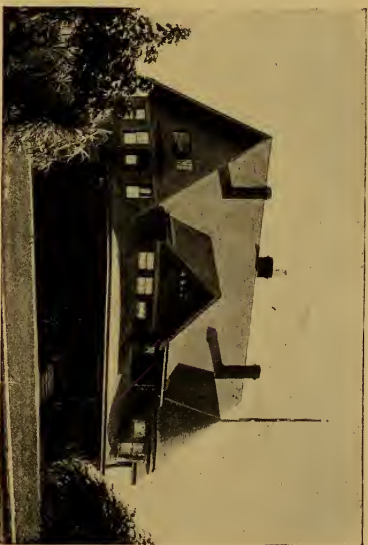
Sigma Nu



Gamma Phi Beta



Chi Psi



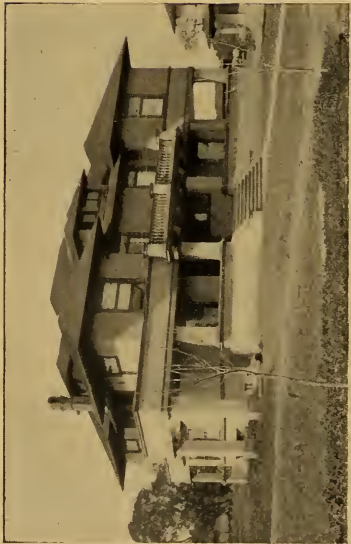
Beta Theta Pi



Alpha Phi



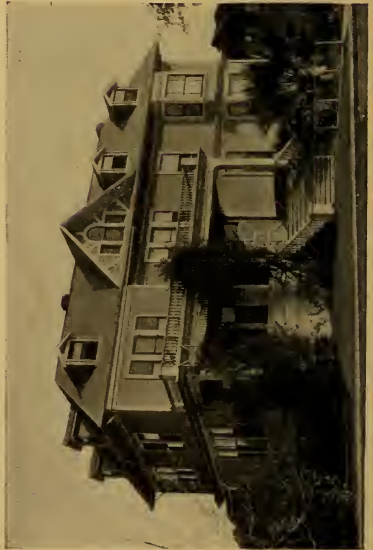
Kappa Alpha Theta



Delta Gamma



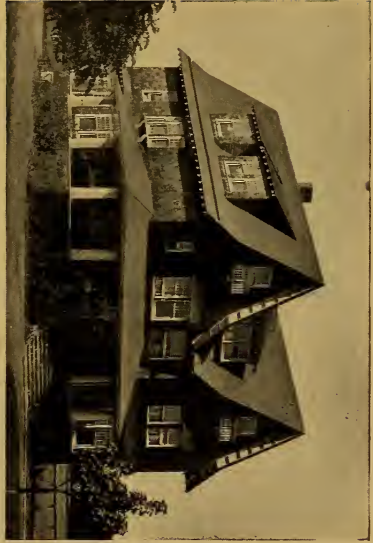
Phi Delta Theta



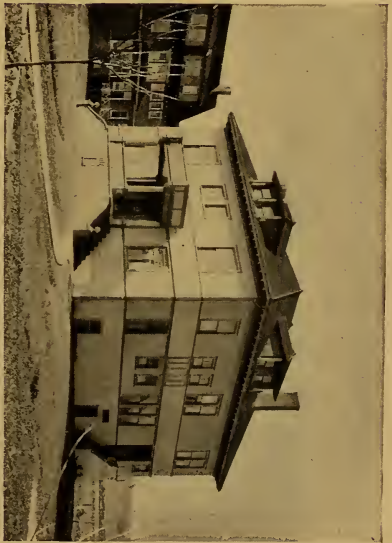
Zeta Psi



Delta Tau Delta



Kappa Kappa Gamma



Sigma Chi



Delta Kappa Epsilon



Kappa Sigma



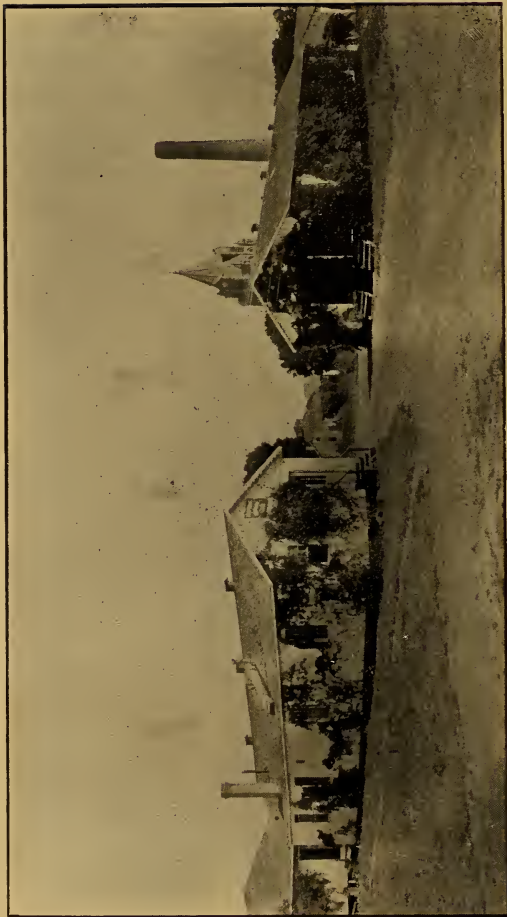
and there are two large private boarding-houses — Madroño Hall and Mariposa.

The three streets are Alvarado row, Salvatierra street, and Lasuen street — named for noted Spaniards. In the summer time the Campus, with its trim lawns, white cement walks, and shade trees, lies like an oasis, cool and green, surrounded by sun-baked fields, backed by brown oak-crowned hills.

That small concrete building with tiled roof, on Lasuen street, is the University Post-office,







and the open field between it and the printing-office is where the old "Camp" used to stand.

When the first University buildings were in course of construction two long, rough, one-story wooden structures, at right angles to each other, were run up to accommodate the workmen. When the work was over these were vacated by the men and were then taken possession of by a number of students who had small allowances, or who wanted to work their way through college. There was always a student in charge of the place, who was responsible for the order, cleanliness, and so on, and the room-rent was paid to him. A Chinaman kept a restaurant, where good, plain meals could be had cheap; and there were eating clubs there, too, sometimes. But a good many of the boys 'bached' — two in a room usually — and they managed the cooking between them. Some of the most prominent fellows in college were Camp men.



It was an institution peculiar to Stanford University, and it would, perhaps, have been possible nowhere else.

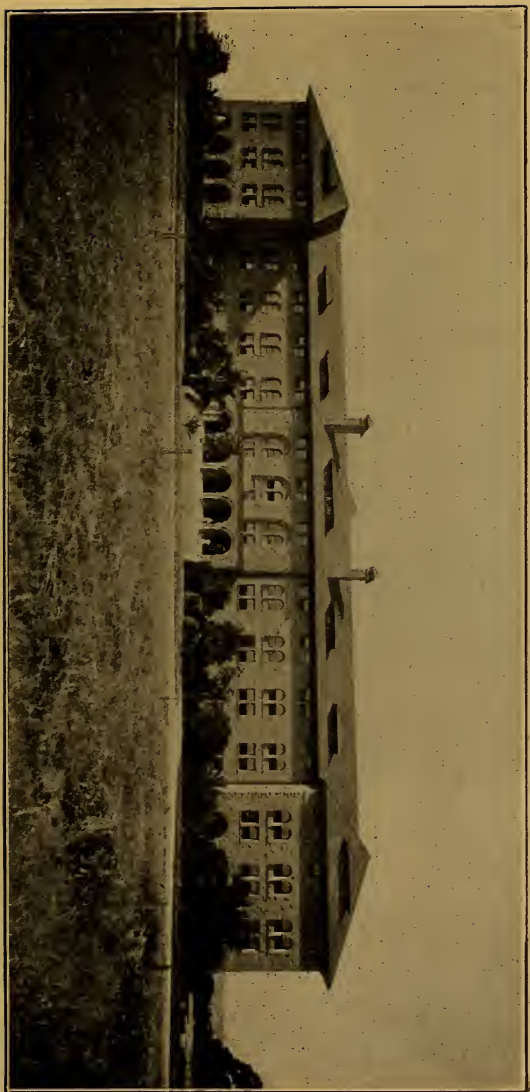
Student labor is one of the features of Stanford life. A number of the young men earn their board by waiting on table. Those who do not care to work for their board get twenty cents an hour for house-cleaning, or gardening; while good mechanics of any sort are always in demand, and are well paid for their work. Some girls, too, work their way through, by doing housework, sewing, typewriting, or teaching.

This wooden building half-way between the residences and Encina Hall is the men's gym-



nasium; and that high board fence beyond the tennis courts encloses the football oval.

Encina Hall, the young men's dormitory —



“Encina” means oak — will accommodate three hundred students. At first they were boarded in the building — there is a handsome dining-room on the first floor and a kitchen in the basement — but this plan did not prove a feasible one. At the present time the dining-room is used as a club-room. All the men in the Hall are entitled to belong to this club; the dues pay for the magazines and an occasional entertainment. They



have stag dances here, too, sometimes, and football rallies.

The Hall, which was one of the first buildings finished, was full when the University opened in the fall of 1891. At that time the nearest post-office was at Mayfield, and the mail for the University was brought by private carrier from Menlo Park. There were only one or two houses



in Palo Alto, and only four trains a day, and they had to be flagged! It seemed like settling up a new country away off somewhere, a hundred miles from civilization. Yet those were happy days for everyone, with no thought of breakers ahead.

Things went along all right for the first two years, and then the Senator died. That was the beginning of hard times for the institution. Senator Stanford's estate was tied up in the courts; the University had no ready money of its own; its endowments brought in nothing; and at that time, also, the country was in financial distress. Then Mrs. Stanford came to the rescue, and all through the dreary time of uncertainty when the Government suit was on, and afterwards up to the time the endowment was effected, kept the coffers filled from her own private purse.

And now how royally has the University been endowed — thirty millions of dollars — the richest educational institution in the country. With youth and wealth, what a future lies before!

Prior to the establishment of the University a Frenchman named Peter Coutts owned fourteen hundred acres of this land, and Senator Stanford bought it of him for \$114,000. When the University opened, Mr. Coutt's residence — Escondite cottage — was occupied by Dr. Jordan. It was he who named it "Escondite," which means concealment.



Coutts put up a number of large stables, for he kept a lot of very fine cattle — Ayrshire and Holstein. Several of them have been pulled down, though, lately. Here Senator Stanford had the Running Farm for a while. That odd-looking two-story brick building was used as the Psychology laboratory before the completion of the Outer Quadrangle, — the Frenchman had used it for his library and as a school-room for his children.

If the gate on the back road is open we can drive round by the lake — “Frenchman’s Lake” as it is called. The Frenchman planted the pines and spruce trees along the crest of those low hills. He is said to have intended building





a house on the top of the last hill to the left. He ran a tunnel quite a way under the hill nearest the lake, besides others farther back in the hills; and built a big, round brick tower, probably intended for a reservoir, a mile or so from here.

Here is the lake, as usual nearly dry! There was a lot of useless work done here, too. It must have taken time and money to build this solid stone wall around the three sides, as well as the artificial island opposite. That double row of poplars looks quite French, as does the quaint little bridge in the background.

Peter Coutts is said to have been a fine looking man, with white hair, good features and dark eyes. He was an eccentric old fellow, but noth-

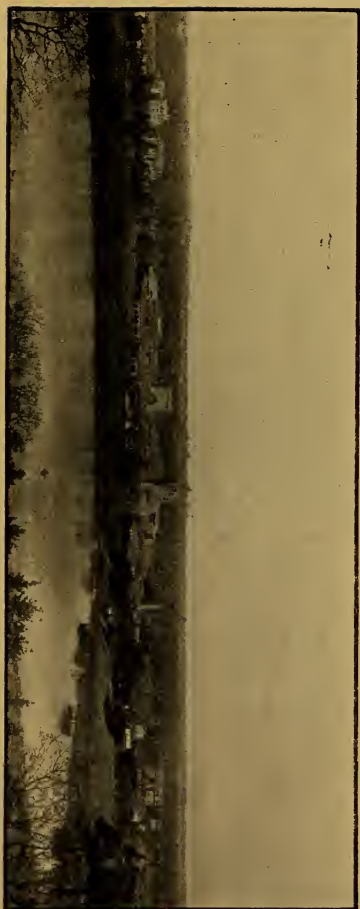
ing very definite is known about him. There is a story of his having been a refugee, living in this country under an assumed name, and of his having been taken back to France.

That line of water between us and the hills on the opposite side of the Santa Clara Valley is San Francisco Bay. It does not reach quite as far as San Jose, but ends in marshes at a place called Alviso, four miles away. The gleaming white dome of the Lick Observatory can be seen crowning Mt. Hamilton across the valley to the right.

This long white house on the hillside, just above the Campus, was built by Mr. G. B. Cooksey, but it is now University property.

Following the road along the foot of the hills, we come presently to Lagunita, which, like

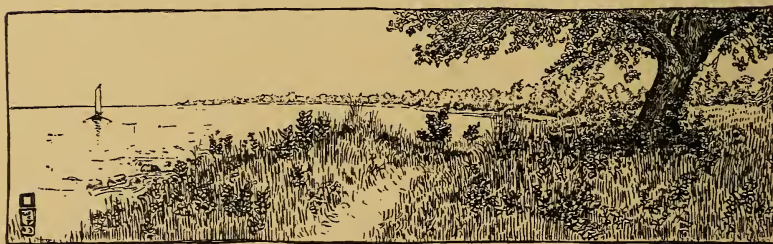






Frenchman's Lake, contains water only during part of the year. It generally fills up early in the winter, and then the students commence systematic practice for the rowing events in the spring. That is the boat-house on the north bank. Some students are living there, and they call it 'Villa de Lagunita.'

The large house on the hill above the lake is the private residence of Mr. Charles Lathrop, Mrs. Stanford's brother, who is treasurer of the Board of Trustees and business manager of the University. The view from there is very extensive. On a clear day the ferry-boats can be seen



crossing the Bay between San Francisco and Oakland.

Driving on past the lake we reach the Stock Farm. This was the home of the great Elec-



tioneer. His monument stands in the little enclosure where many of his illustrious descendants lie buried; but his skeleton is set up in the Museum. Electioneer died in 1890. By 1892 every trotting record in the world was held by his sons and daughters. Palo Alto, the Senator's favorite, made the stallion trotting record to a high-wheeled sulky, of $2:08\frac{3}{4}$. Waxana trotted a mile to a high-wheeled sulky in $2:08\frac{1}{4}$, which has been a world's record never since broken. The Abbott trotted a mile in $2:03\frac{1}{3}$; only one trotting horse in the world has ever beat that, Croesus, 'King of Trotters.'



Senator Stanford started the farm in '77 with the idea of establishing a long string of thoroughbred trotting horses. Beginning with only forty



or fifty, in '93, the year the Senator died, there were thirteen hundred and fifty horses here and at the branch at Vina Ranch. The development was discontinued in '96, and no entries have been made in the races since '98.

The Stock Farm is still one of the most attrac-



tive spots about here — so pretty and peaceful, and everything in such perfect order.

A small, white, gable-roofed house facing the old track was brought around the Horn in the '50's. At that time there were no saw-mills in this part of the country. Afterwards a man by the name of Ed Gallagher established a couple of lumber camps over toward Searsville. There were plenty of big redwoods there and on the



mountain sides in those days. Over a hundred men were employed ripping out lumber with whip-saws and hauling it down to Redwood City for shipment, by water, to San Francisco; and four men were kept busy all the time packing deer down the mountain for the two camps.

Skirting the western end of the race track, and crossing the road beyond, we reach the field where stands part of the old adobe tavern, the 'Doubling-up Station,' as it was called, because

they used to double-up the loads of lumber there: a single load would be brought from the hills to this point, where two hill-loads were put together and hauled to San Jose, twenty miles to the southeast.

This road after crossing the field follows the steep winding banks of the San Francisquito Creek, and leads up to the beautifully kept grounds surrounding the Stanford residence. The house is set back among some fine old trees. It is not a modern building,— in fact is quite an old place, as it was built in '63 by a wealthy San Francisco business man, an Englishman named Gordon, who called the place 'Mayfield





Grange,' and who laid out Eucalyptus avenue. He died in 1869, and Senator Stanford bought the place in the following year. The house has been altered considerably since. Gertrude Atherton has written a book called "The Daughter of the Vine" which deals with the tragic history of the Gordon family, and some of the scenes are

laid there. Though an air of silence and sadness pervades the place, now and again the old house has opened wide its doors in



warm welcome to the many adopted sons and daughters of the dearly-loved mistress, either



when generously bidden by her, they have danced on the lawn, or feasted indoors, or when at other times they have gathered voluntarily to give her, after some long absence, a hearty welcome home.

Having made a detour the road once more follows the high bank of the creek and brings us



presently to the private entrance gate on the county road between Menlo Park and Palo Alto.

Directly before us, above the oaks, appears the top of the Palo Alto, the tall redwood from which the Stanford estate receives its name. Originally there were two trees growing very close together,



and exactly the same height; one was washed away, so a bulwark has been built around the bank to protect this one. These two trees were known to the Spaniards as the 'Palos Colorados,' or red trees. They towered far above the live oaks, which covered the valley, and on a clear day could be seen from San Jose, twenty miles to the south, or from Rincon Hill in San Francisco, thirty miles north. They narrowly escaped being cut down by the lumbermen more than once in those early days.

Turning to the right and traveling for half a mile along the county road we reach the main gateway to the grounds through which we passed this morning. Another turn and we are at the station once more.

Tree tops dark against the blue,
Tiled towers o'ershading,
While we wave adieu! adieu!
All are fading, fading.



In Memory of Mrs. Stanford

Jane Lathrop Stanford was born August 25, 1828, at Albany, N. Y., and died at Honolulu, Hawaii, February 28, 1905.

In 1850 she married Leland Stanford, a young lawyer of Albany, and shortly after accompanied him to Port Washington, Wisconsin, where they made their home.

Afterwards, in 1852, Leland Stanford went to California, and Mrs. Stanford followed in 1856, having made the journey by the Nicaragua route. Thereafter the greater part of her life was spent in this state, and here she elected eventually to end her days.

When by the death of her husband in 1893 Mrs. Stanford was left to bear alone cares and responsibilities which would have weighed heavily on a strong man, never for a moment did she flinch or falter. With a clear head, a steady hand, and a strong heart she guided the varying fortunes of the new-born University, and lived to see its future assured, its place in the foremost ranks secure.

After the news of her sudden death at Honolulu had reached California, flags on government and private buildings were placed at half-mast.



Jane L. Stanford

A month of mourning was observed by the University, during which all student activities of a social nature ceased; every day during this time messages of condolence and regret were received from all over the country — from all over the world, for all honored and revered the brave woman who had worked so courageously, so devotedly, for the cause so near her heart.

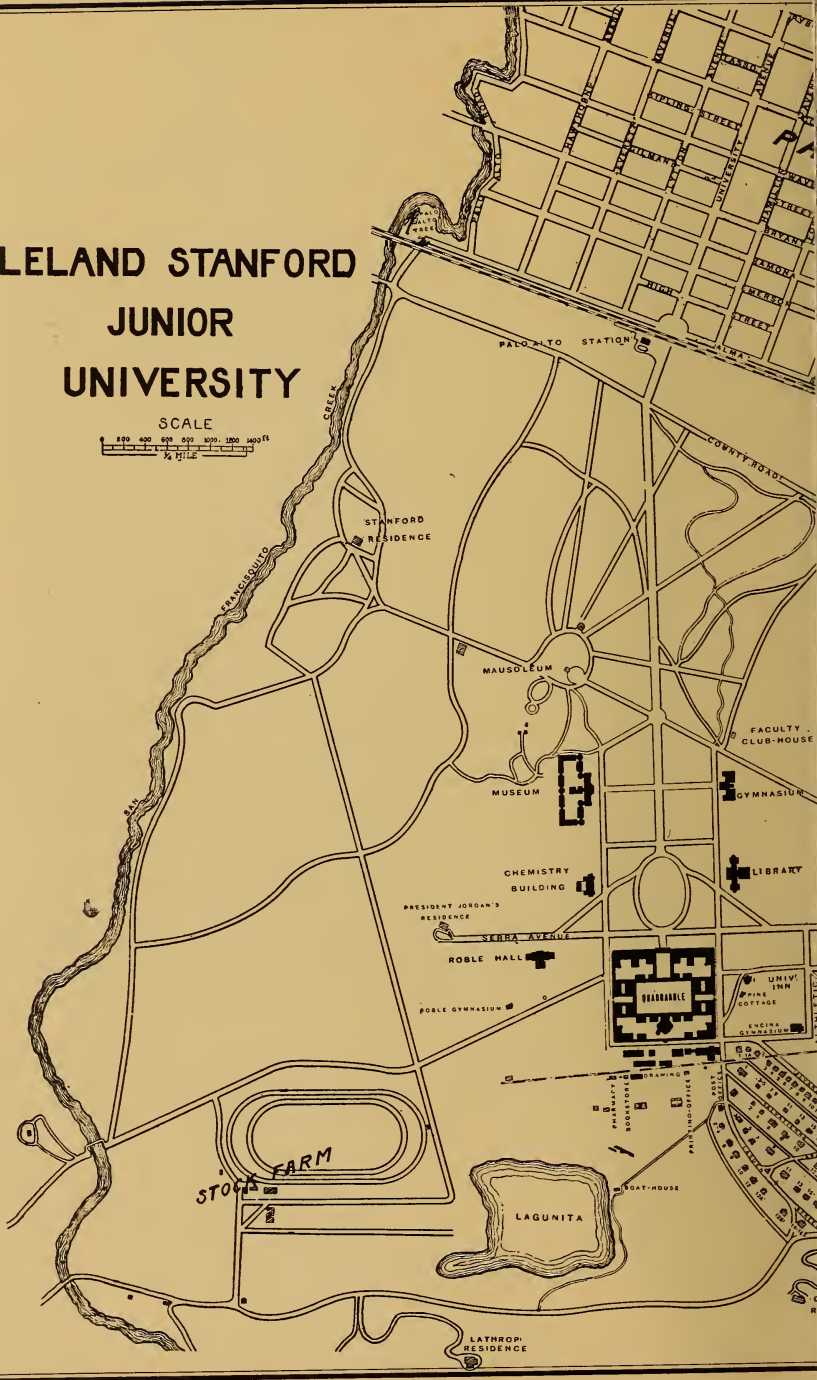
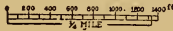
On Friday, March the 24th, 1905, the simply impressive funeral ceremony took place in the stately Memorial Church, where were gathered state officials, University officers, alumni and students, as well as representatives from the many charitable organizations Mrs. Stanford had befriended. After the services all followed the flower-covered bier on foot to the marble tomb beneath the oaks.

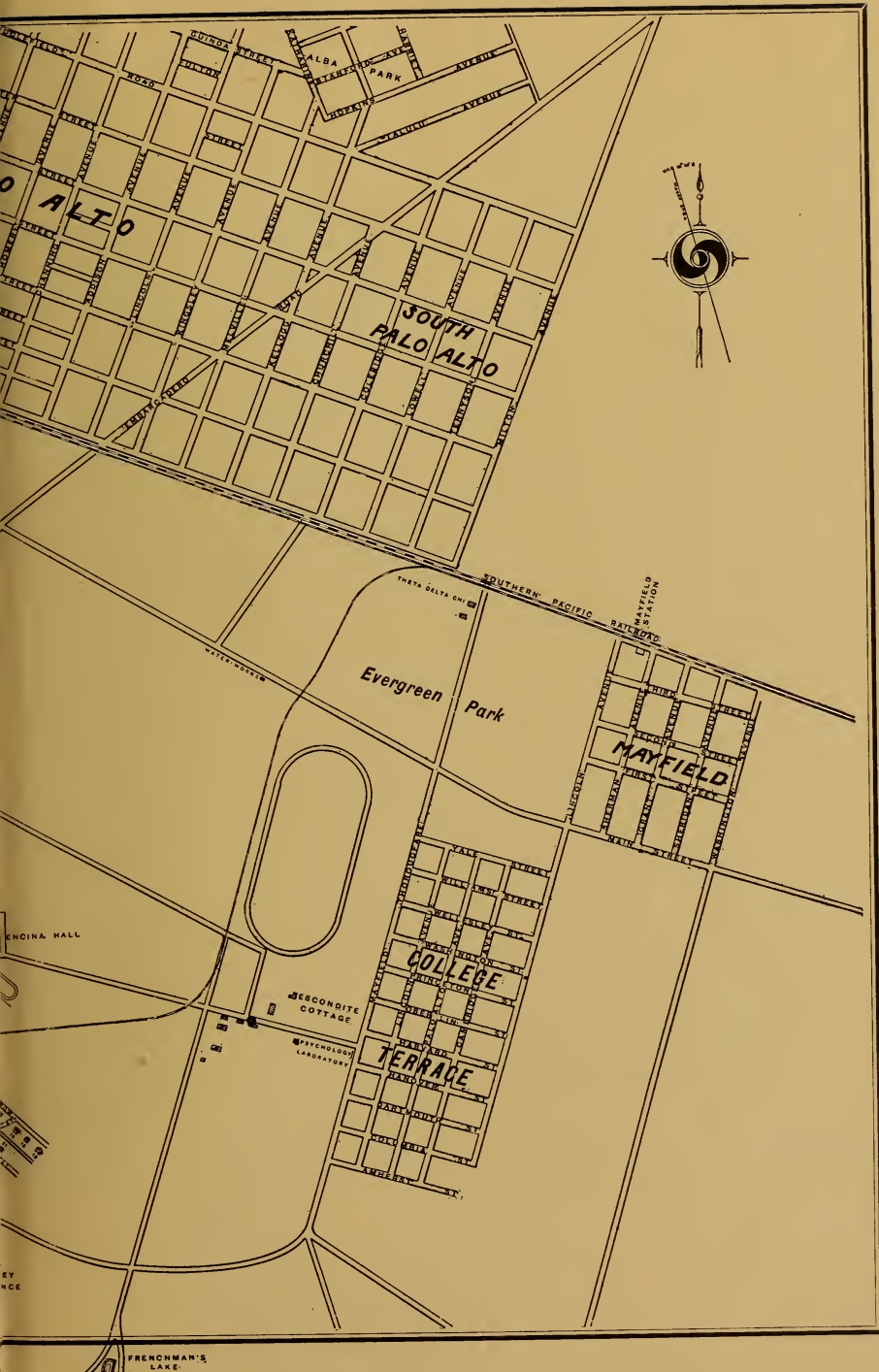
And now, beside husband and son, in the beautiful Mausoleum, lies all that was mortal of Jane Lathrop Stanford, yet her staunch spirit lives among us still.

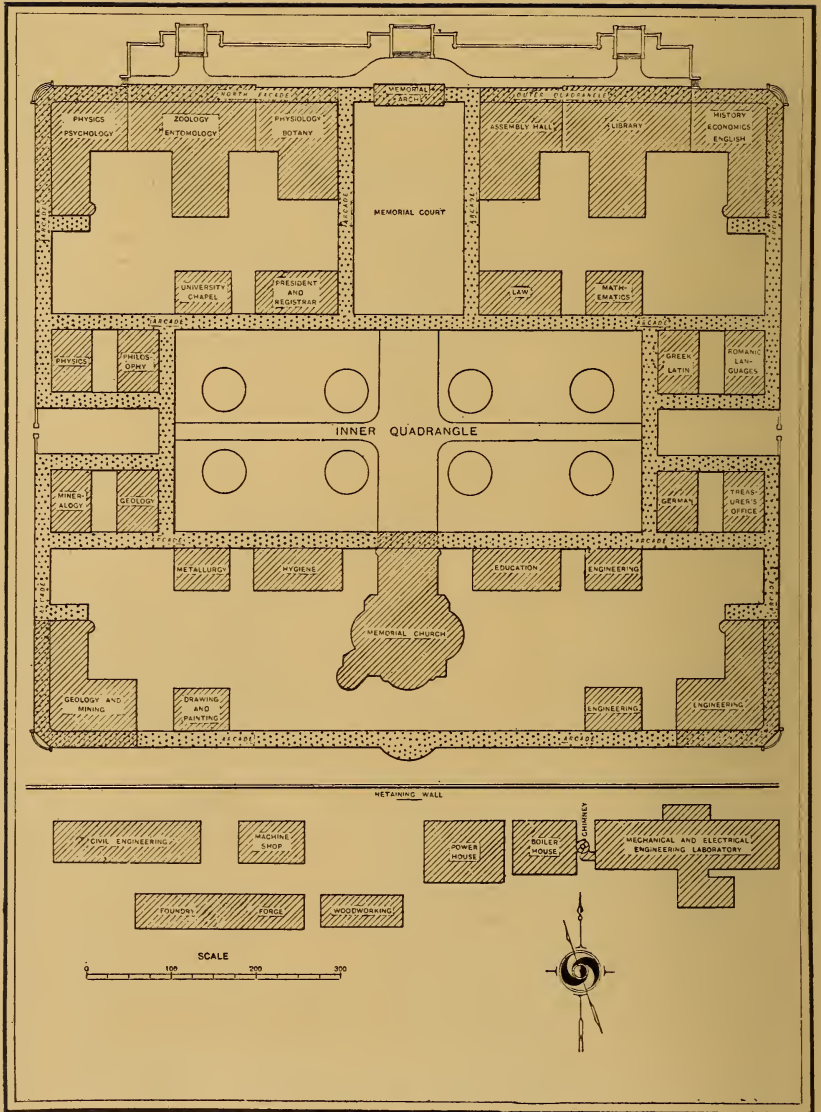
“She was the mother of the University, the kindest of helpers, the truest of friends, the wisest, sanest and most generous of all who have given of their abundance to the cause of learning. Her life has given the University a richness of personality, a wealth of sweet remembrance that shall not die away in all the centuries.”

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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